

And presently.

Woer. She would have me sing.

Doctor. You did so?

Woer. No.

Doct. Twas very ill done then,
You should observe her ev'ry way.

Woer. Alas

I have no voice Sir, to confirme her that way.

Doctor. That's all one, if yee make a noyse,
If she intreate againe, doe any thing,
Lye with her if she aske you.

Taylor. Hoa there Doctor.

Doctor. Yes in the waie of cure.

Taylor But first by your leave

I'th way of honestie.

Doctor. That's but a nicenesse;
Nev'r cast your child away for honestie;
Cure her first this way, then if shee will be honest,
She has the path before her.

Taylor. Thanke yee Doctor.

Doctor. Pray bring her in

And let's see how shee is.

Taylor. I will, and tell her

Her *Palamon* staies for her: But Doctor,

Me thinkes you are i'th wrong still.

Exit Taylor.

Doct. Goe, goe: you Fathers are fine Fooles: her honestie?
And we should give her physicke till we finde that:

Woer. Why, doe you thinke she is not honest Sir?

Doctor. How old is she?

Woer. She's eighteene.

Doctor. She may be,

But that's all one, tis nothing to our purpose,
What ere her Father saies, if you perceave
Her moode inclining that way that I spoke of
Videlicet, the way of *flesh*, you have me.

Woer. Yet very well Sir.

Doctor. Please her appetite

And doe it home, it cures her *ipso facto*,

The

The mellencholl

Woer. I am

Doctor. You

Taylor. Come

And has done th

Daughter. I th

He's a kind Gen

Did you nev'r se

Taylor. Yes.

Daugh. How

Taylor. He's

Daugh. You

Taylor. No.

Daugh. I ha

He daunces very

And for a ligge.

He turnes ye like

Taylor. That

Daugh. Hee

And that will fo

(If I have any sk

And gallops to

What thinke yo

Taylor. Havin

I thinke he migh

Daugh. Alas

Taylor. Can h

Daugh. A ve

Of all his hay an

Must rise betime

The Chestnut M

Taylor. Very

Daugh. She

But he is like his

Taylor. Wha

Daugh. Son

And twenty